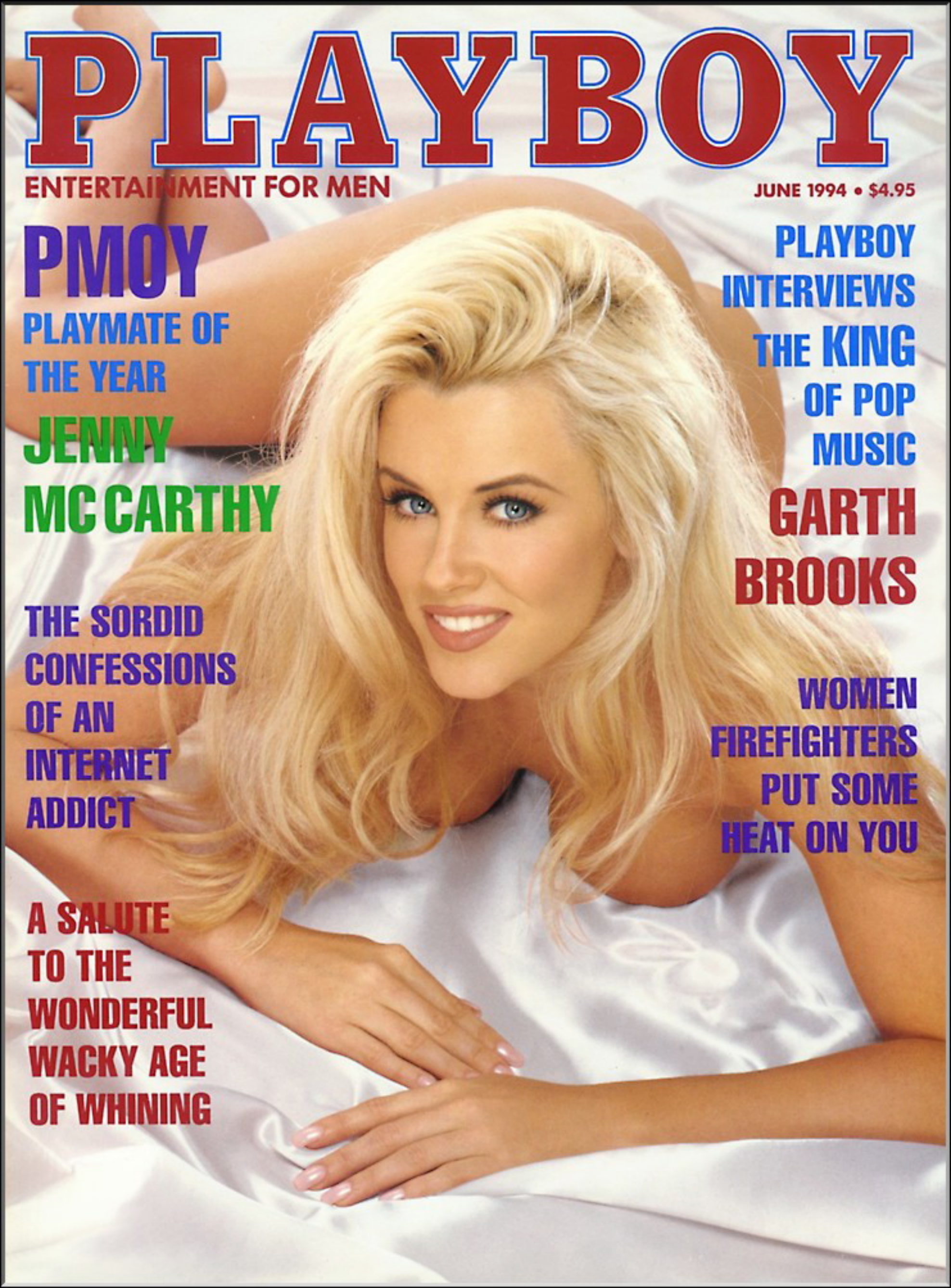


PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1994 • \$4.95

PMOY

PLAYMATE OF
THE YEAR

**JENNY
MC CARTHY**

THE SORDID
CONFESSIONS
OF AN
INTERNET
ADDICT

A SALUTE
TO THE
WONDERFUL
WACKY AGE
OF WHINING

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
THE KING
OF POP
MUSIC

**GARTH
BROOKS**

WOMEN
FIREFIGHTERS
PUT SOME
HEAT ON YOU



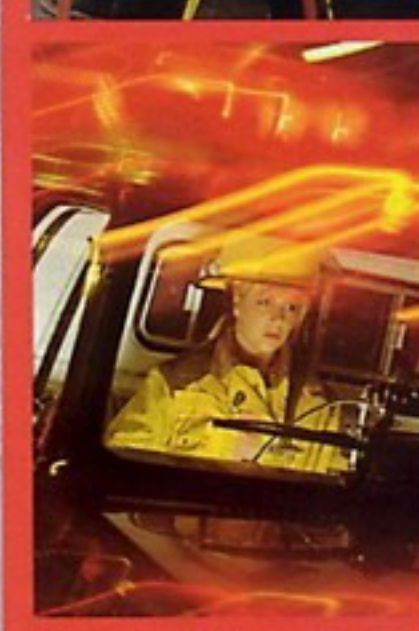
"By God, if I, Leo Morris, am not the king of the marriage counselors, I don't know who is."

SOME LIKE IT HOT

the incendiary charms of female firefighters



Traci Jai Isaacs (above) tames a surging flame. From top to bottom in the column at right, meet Amy Jorgensen, a crack firefighter for the U.S. Forest Service who hops helicopters into infernos in Grand Teton Park and hikes out when things cool; Tara Mahon, the first woman in her fire company; Donna Lee Pruett, who likes the rush of battling blazes; Heather Ashli, fighter of brush fires in central Florida; and Tracy Trautman, a volunteer firefighter who was once showered with debris from an exploding gas station.





THESE women really do like it hot. They like it so much, in fact, that they helicopter into mountain blazes, rappel down burning buildings and crash through flaming floors. They do it for the adventure, the camaraderie and the pure thrill of saving lives. Off the job, they bungee jump, scuba dive, rock climb, hunt sharks or hone karate moves. They are the kind of women you wouldn't mind sharing a fox-hole with or having at your back in a tough bar. They are the best possible outcome of dialing 911.

Donna Lee Pruett, a firefighter and emergency medical technician in central Florida, set out to be a paramedic before being bit by the fire bug.

"It was such a high to do this. I thought, Forget the paramedic stuff. I just want to be a firefighter," says Donna. "You're in there with this fire. It's just like *Backdraft*. It is a living, moving, breathing thing. It walks right up the wall in front of you and onto the ceiling. It's awesome."

Ah. Young women and fire. Make no mistake, these are the femmes facing fatalities, women who taste smoke, tote heavy gear and take every risk. "It gets hot," says Pruett. "And if you're not careful and you stand up in a room that's burning, you can singe your ears."

(text concluded on page 168)

Traci Jai Isaacs (left) loves the hurly-burly of firefighting. "It makes you feel very alive when there's all that chaos. I love the feeling of being in the center of the action." Amy Jorgensen (below and right) stays in shape by exercising her 125-pound Samoyed. The dog's name is Fjoles. That's Danish for "to have fun."







Tara Mahon (above), a volunteer firefighter in New Jersey, chills out on the beach. "There's a stereotype of female firefighters—they have to be 300 pounds and brutelike," she says. "I'm hoping this layout will change that image." Donna Lee Pruett (below) is poised at the pole, the universal symbol of a firefighter's readiness. On the job, Donna often has to lug gear equal to her 104 pounds. To keep up with the men in her company, "I have to use more technique, more leverage," she says. Heather Ashli's truck-stopping stance (right) epitomizes her go-for-it, seize-the-day ethos. During her hours away from the firehouse, she enjoys bungee jumping and karate. Mercurial about her life plans, she dreams of saving dolphins, and once turned a three-week European vacation into a three-month romp.







The guys at Tracy Trautman's fire company in rural Pennsylvania have promised her that these two pages will have a place of honor at the firehouse. When Tracy isn't unspooling hoses at fire scenes, she's tapping beers and mixing margaritas at the company's in-station bar.



"It's a book."



"Captain, we can't go on meeting like this."

My Girl



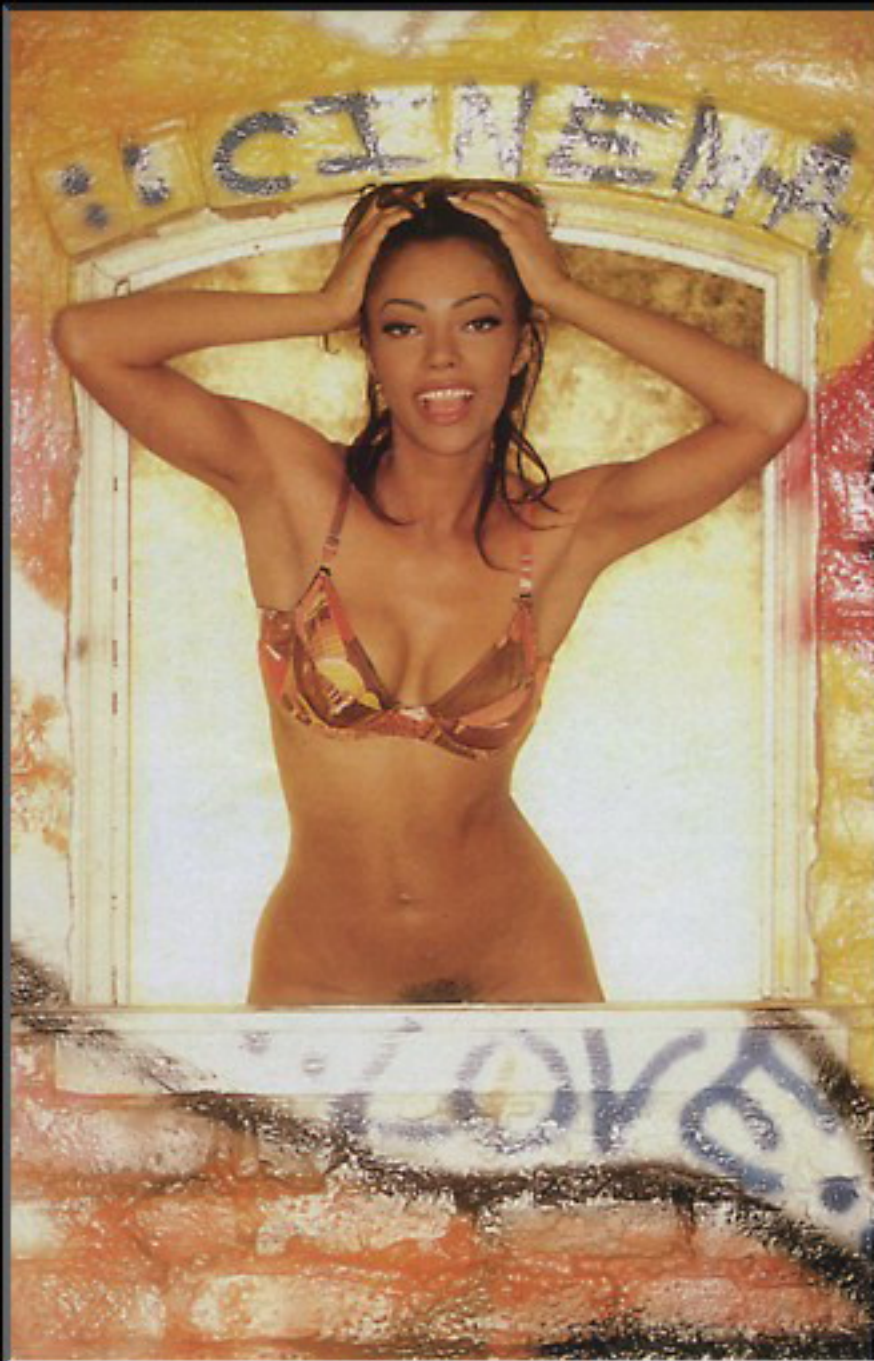
being tempting
comes naturally
to the daughter of
a motown original

WHEN MOTHER NATURE paid an unexpected visit, Elan Carter's life became a ball of confusion. January's earthquake in Los Angeles shook Elan out of bed, then tossed her against a painting on the wall. The painting is still crooked, and Miss June is thinking of moving to solid ground. "Maybe living in a house on stilts is asking for trouble," she says. Not that Elan has lost her élan. She's still as poised and self-assured as a second-generation celeb ought to be. It's just that she's not yet finished making Daddy proud of her. Her dad is Otis Williams, a founding member of the Temptations. Despite her own success in the music business, Elan's not as famous as she would like to

Miss June made her mark in music videos, but her bloodlines go back to Sixties-era Motown: Her dad is the Temptations' Otis Williams. At a recent gig, Temps Ron Tyson, Otis, Melvin Franklin and Ollie Woodson (left to right, above) called Elan to the stage. The fabulous fivesome crooned a crowd-pleasing rendition of *My Girl*.









Elan hopes to land more roles in films but still enjoys making videos. She's not exactly awed by the famous musicians she meets on her video shoots. "As a kid, hanging around backstage at Temptations concerts, I met Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Smokey Robinson—everyone. On my 21st birthday, the Temptations sang *Happy Birthday* and gave me my first bottle of Dom Pérignon," she recalls. "I drank it right down, too!" Three years later she's still bubbly: "It's hard to predict what's going to happen next, so I live for the moment. I try hard to enjoy every day." Asked to pick a future, Elan laughs. "Acting or broadcasting—I'm studying both. I could host a TV music show. Who knows?" Whatever tomorrow brings, Miss June hopes it will be at least as exciting as today.





Elan calls herself a sinner, but that's a joke. She seldom drinks, doesn't smoke, and the only props in her bedroom are candles. "I love candlelight," she says. "I like having candles all around my bed." The quake toppled Elan's candles but didn't break her strong spirit.





be. But look out—this month's centerfold is Elan's wake-up call to the world.

There was irony in the earthquake: "I always worry about my dad when he's on-stage. I'm so proud of him. He's 52 and he's still going strong. But every so often I think, I sure hope he doesn't have a heart attack. So who was almost the first to go? Me. When the earthquake hit, it felt like the whole world was shaking and I thought, God's coming and I'm not ready! I'm just 24 and I'm a sinner—I can't die now."

Good news for the video biz: The stilts under her house held. Elan—who has appeared with acts as diverse as the Jacksons, Duran Duran, Terence Trent D'Arby, Bobby Brown, Richard Marx and Tone-Loc—can now resume her career. She has already modeled all over the world, from Europe to Mexico to Jamaica to the Bahamas. Her acting debut came in a recent gangster film, *Lookin' Italian*, in which she gets shot a lot. Says Elan (looking fine but not at all Italian), "They always kill the black people in those movies." She says it with the laugh of a survivor. For Elan Carter (who's been known to double the speed limit in her favorite toy, a plum-colored Porsche), the world is a place where daddy's little girl is starting to make a name for herself.

—RALPH MARINO



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Elan Carter

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: ELAN CARTER

BUST: 34c WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 124

BIRTH DATE: 7-3-69 BIRTHPLACE: Nutley, New Jersey

AMBITIONS: To be a successful Actress AND venture into broadcasting.

TURN-ONS: gourmet foods, bubble baths, Men with cute butts.

TURNOFFS: People who are unreliable, earthquakes, penny pinchees.

MY GUY: He's sensitive, honest, polite, intelligent, classy - AND I hope I get to meet him soon!

MOST EXCITING DAY: I wake up each morning expecting this to be it.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Lenny Kravitz, Prince, Sade, Chaka Khan.

ELAN AT HOME I Love to light candles, play Sade AND be seductive.



Five-year-old Model young at heart Look who's posing

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mrs. Martin went to see her gynecologist before her fourth marriage. After the examination, the physician seemed confused. "You're a virgin. How is that possible?"

"My first husband was a psychiatrist," she explained. "He analyzed it all the time. My second husband was an English lit professor. He wrote about it all the time. My third husband was a contractor and always said he would get around to it. But now I'm marrying a lawyer," she said with a smile, "so I know I'll get screwed."



A Russian and an American died and went to hell. Satan told them that they each had the choice of spending eternity in American hell or Russian hell. "What's the difference?" they both asked.

"In American hell," the Devil explained, "you must eat one shovel of shit per day. In Russian hell, you must eat two shovels of shit per day."

With that, the American opted for American hell, but the Russian headed for Russian hell. Many years later, the two met by chance. "My friend," the American said, "you made a poor choice. I eat my shovel of shit in the morning and do whatever I want for the rest of the day."

"No, my friend, it is you who made a poor choice," the Russian said. "Half of the time in Russian hell there's no shovel, and the other half of the time there's no shit."

Every night the woman's husband would stagger home drunk and every night she would meet him at the door with a tongue-lashing.

One day, her best friend told her she was going about it the wrong way. "Next time he comes home drunk," she advised, "have a sandwich ready for him and treat him nice."

With no better plan in mind, she was willing to give it a try. That night when her husband came home, blitzed as usual, she greeted him with, "I'm so happy to see you, baby. Why don't we go into the kitchen, have a bite to eat, talk awhile and then go to bed?"

"Why not?" he slurred. "I'm going to catch hell when I go home anyway."

Harvey, I swear you love baseball more than you love me!" the furious wife hollered at her couch-bound husband.

"Well, I guess so, honey," he absently admitted. "But," he added cheerfully, "I love you more than football."

On the first night of their hunting trip together, a CPA, a lawyer and an engineer sat around the campfire talking and drinking until well into the night.

The CPA suddenly said, "Watch this," threw his whiskey glass into the air, pulled out his gun and shot it before it fell to the ground.

The lawyer, not to be outdone, downed his brandy, threw the snifter into the air, pulled out his rifle and shot it before it hit the ground.

The engineer slowly raised his shotgun, shot the CPA, shot the lawyer, took a swig from his can of beer and muttered, "It doesn't get any better than this."

A lifer was telling his cellmate the news about one of their prison buddies. It seems he had married the warden's daughter. "No shit!" the con exclaimed. "I'll bet that really pissed off the old man."

"Sure as hell did," the lifer reported. "They eloped."

In the early days of Great Lakes shipping, Sam and Izzy were transporting their wares by sailboat across Lake Michigan when a violent storm swamped their ship. After clinging to the wreckage for hours, Izzy yelled out, "Sam! Sam! I see a sail!"

"Sale, schmale," Sam replied dejectedly. "We lost all our samples."



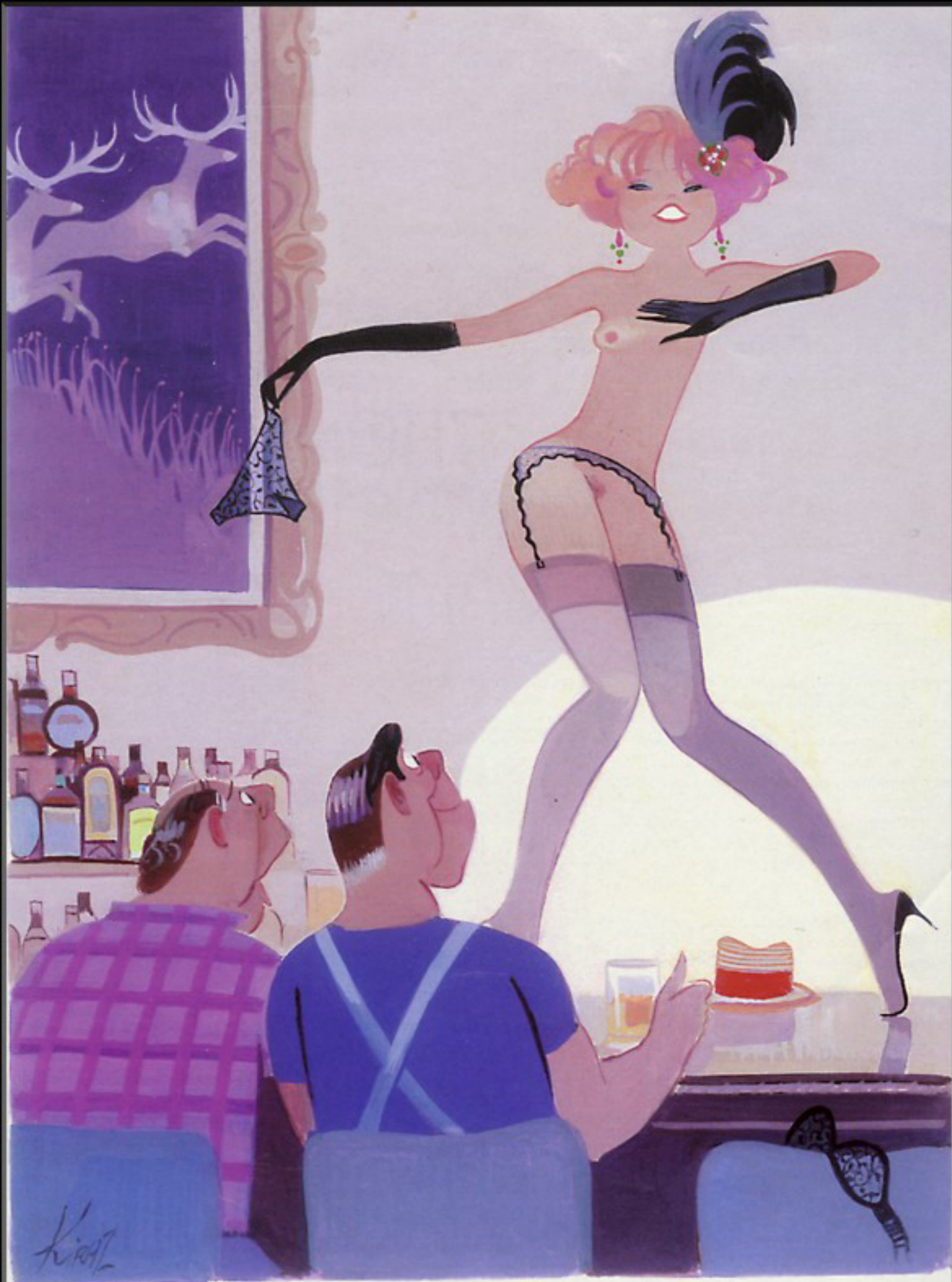
Mrs. Murphy slid into the confessional and admitted that she had committed adultery. "Oh, not you, Mrs. Murphy," the priest said, sighing.

"I'm afraid so, father."

"It must have been against your will, then."

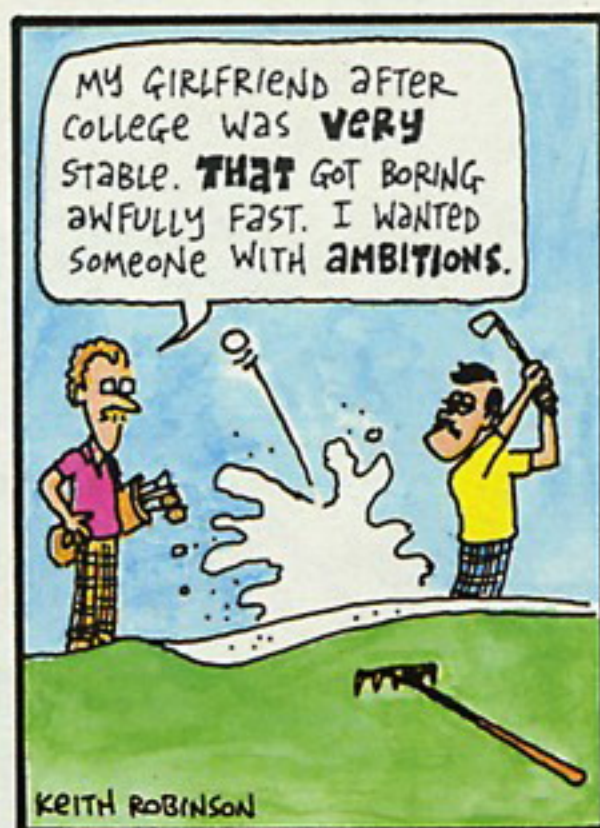
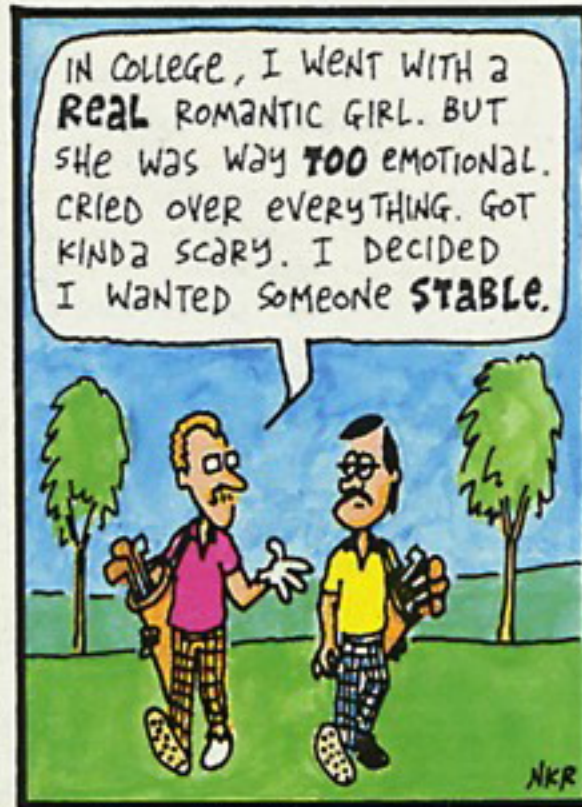
"No, it was against the china cabinet," she said, "and it would have done your heart good to have heard the dishes rattle."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"My wife has red hair, too, but the resemblance ends there."

MATURITY





from the heartland
into our hearts,
jenny mccarthy is
the pmoy of the people



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

MADAME VANESSA, if you're reading this, Jenny McCarthy would like to thank you. Remember Jenny? You read her palm early last year, and this is what you predicted: "She told me I would hear news at the end of the year that would change my life," Jenny says. "She also said I would be moving, and that my career would be nothing but successful." Bing, bang, boom. During the last week of 1993, Miss October was given her life-altering news—she had been named Playmate of the Year. (Her reaction? "I was so happy, I thought I was going to blow up!") As for the second prediction: Last fall this 21-year-old Chicagoan loaded a U-Haul and drove to Los Angeles. There she is busy affirming prognostication number three. A popular hostess on *Hot Rocks*, the Playboy Channel's music-video show, Jenny also made her acting debut on the syndicated TV program *Silk Stalkings*, playing—what else?—a centerfold. "I'm such a workaholic—I want to do more, more, more," she says. "Coming from a blue-collar family, you learn to work hard." Jenny no longer needs a palm reader to predict her future. "Last year was a phenomenal one for me," she says, beaming. "But this year is going to be even better."



If you loved Jenny McCarthy before, take another look now. "The October pictorial was wholesome, very girl-next-door—which I am," she says. "But this one shows the side of me that likes to be glamorous and sexy." Don't say you haven't been warned.



When the October PLAYBOY hit the stands, Chicago's South Side was awash in Jenny mania. One store sold 50 copies in a few hours. And a local woman entered a Halloween costume contest as Miss October, complete with bunny ears, bunny tail and a uniform from Jenny's Catholic high school. "Everybody knew exactly who she was," Jenny proudly reports.







"I feel like I was destined for this," Jenny says of her fledgling career as an actress. "Ever since I was little, I've loved being in front of the camera. I used to jabber into a Mr. Microphone, pretending I was a movie star." Critics are forgiven, however, if they don't remember her cinematic debut, playing the distressed damsel in a low-budget thriller called *Revenge of the Pizza-Cutter Killer*. Jenny was 13 years old; the director, with camcorder in hand, was her big sister.









"I love to soak in the bathtub," says the Playmate of the Year. "I just stare at the wall and think and relax. This was a very relaxing photo shoot, though after seven hours rolling around in the tub, I was really getting pruned. I've never been so clean in my life."



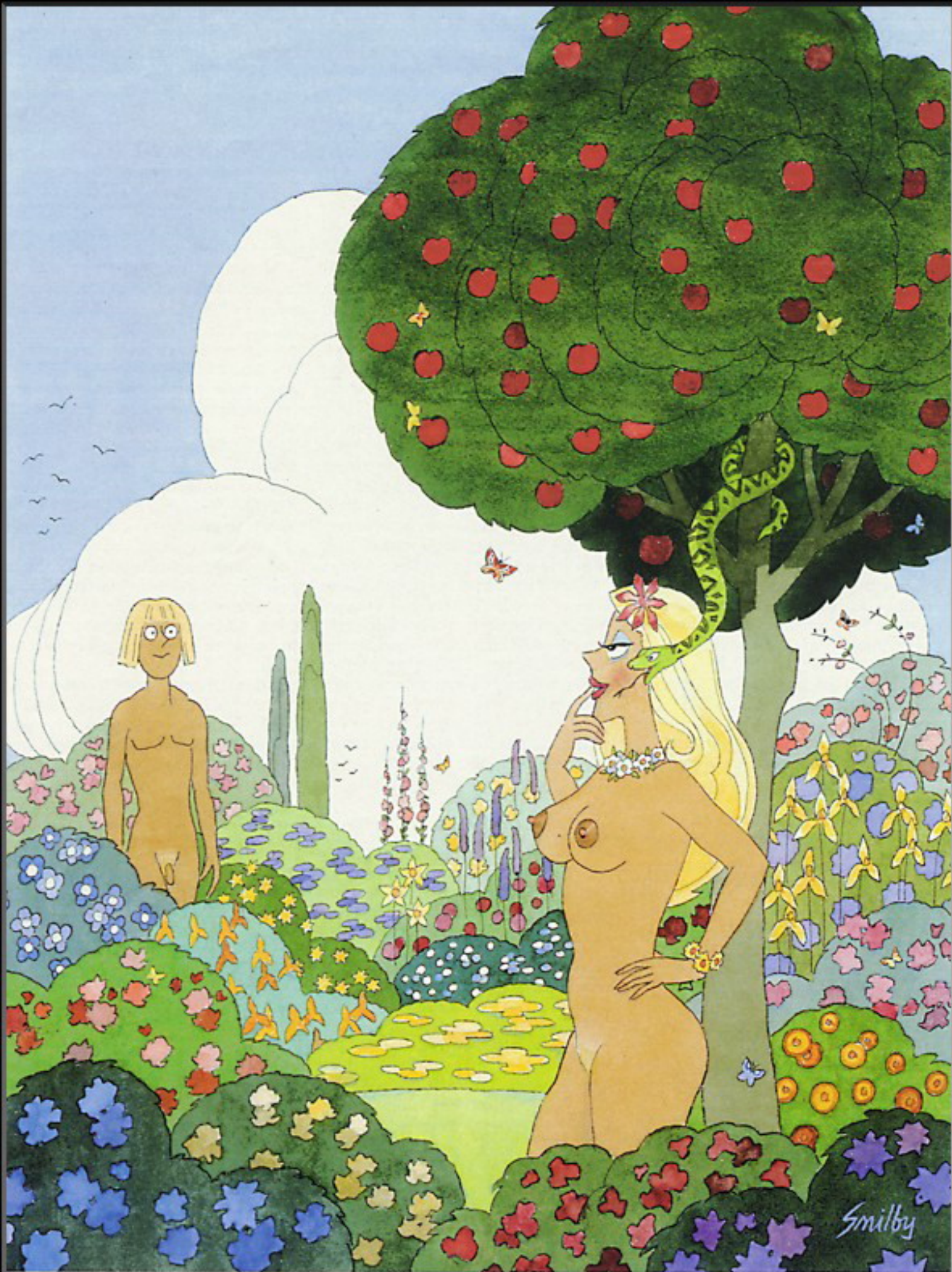








Jenny hopes to follow the professional example of Anna Nicole Smith, last year's PMOY. "Anna has really opened the door for all of the Playmates," says Jenny. "I hope that people will grab me and say, 'We want her.'" The line forms to the right.

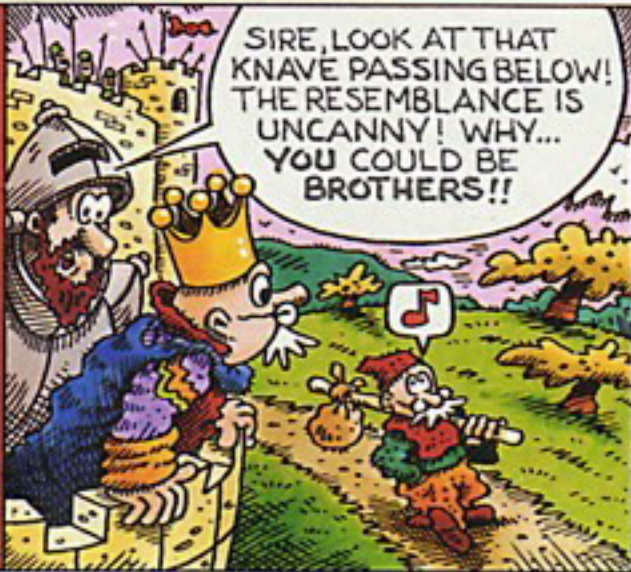


"Right—forget about the apple, wet your lips, lower your eyes, put your hands on your hips, arch your back, push your tits out and smile as if you mean it."

KNAVE

MYTHS

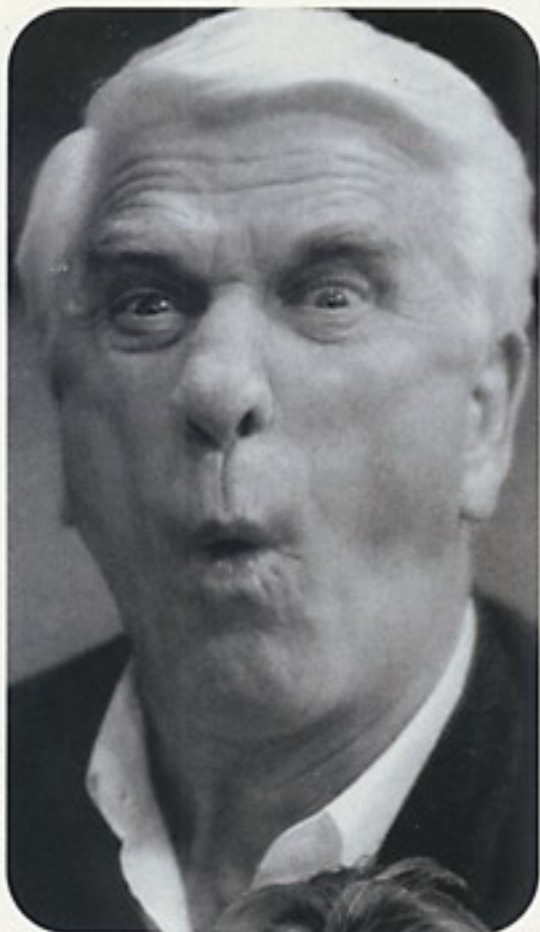
by
FRED SCHRIER



GRAPEVINE

Nielsen Rating

From his Demi Moore parody to the latest installment of *Naked Gun* to annoying the Energizer Bunny, actor LESLIE NIELSEN is a household name. As you can see, he's thrilled.

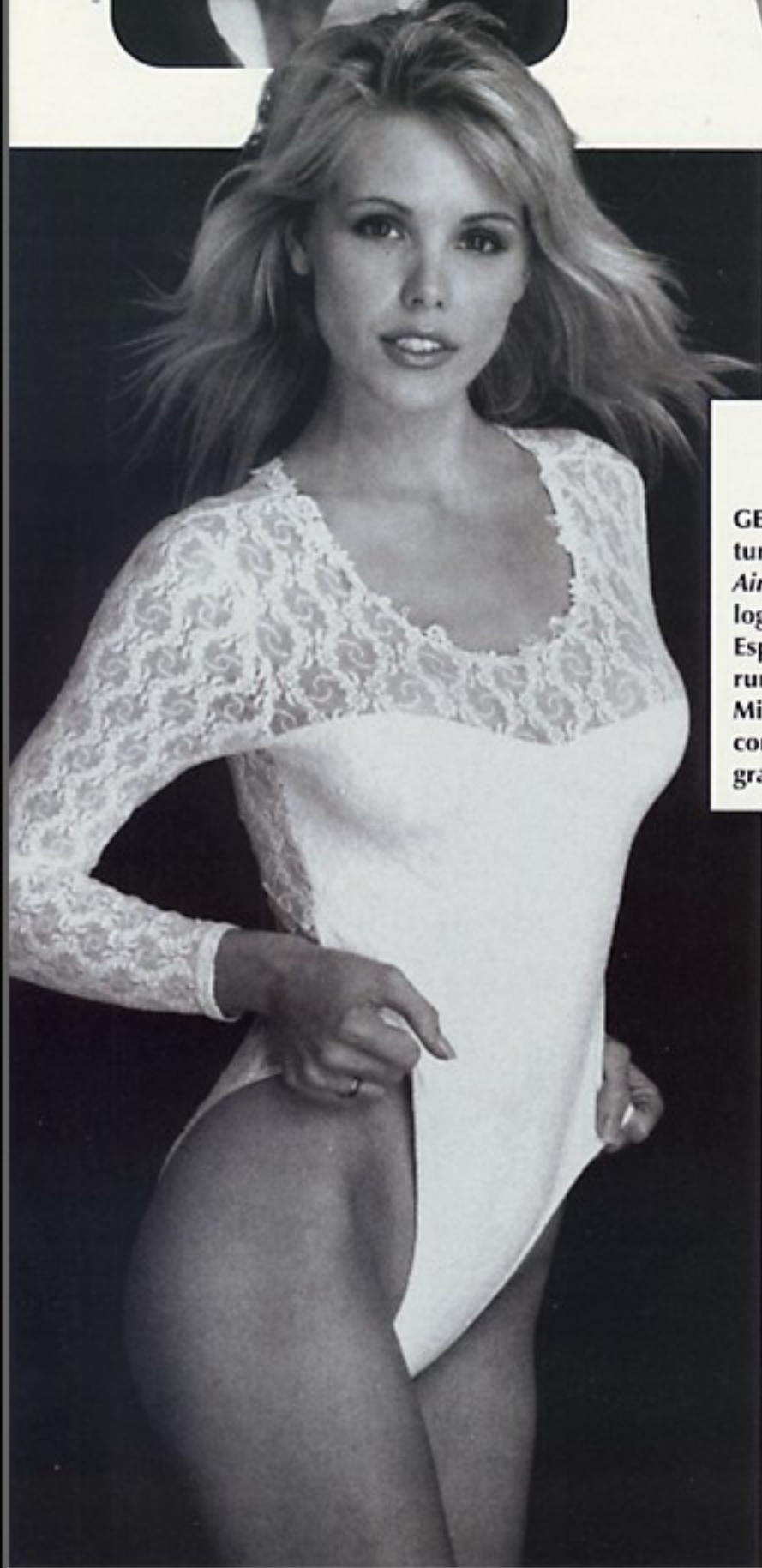


Resting on Her Laurels

CHANTE MOORE has a five-octave voice and a way with a melody that everyone, including Jay Leno and Arsenio Hall, noticed after her debut album, *Precious*, came out. Then, she and Keith Washington sang a duet on the *House Party II* soundtrack. Moore is more.

A Sprite in White

GENA NOLIN is featured in the movie *Airheads* and in catalogs for J. Crew and Esprit. She was first runner-up in the 1993 Miss Hawaiian Tropic contest. To us, she's grace under lace.



From the Cool School

You won't get a new PAUL WESTERBERG album until next year, so rewind *14 Songs* for now. From his days fronting the Replacements up to the present, Westerberg's poetry has hit the right notes.





PAUL NATVIA/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Troubadour Soars

Singer and songwriter BETH NIELSEN CHAPMAN's most recent LP, *You Hold the Key*, is a combination of love ballads, pop songs and hymns. Chapman has written hits for Willie, Waylon, Tanya and Alabama. And now, she hopes, for Beth.

© JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA



Ripe Melons

BLIND MELON's self-titled debut went double-platinum, the kid in their video became a media star, they've toured the U.S. and Europe and they don't suck up to the critics. So what's next? A new album in 1995.

Beaucoup New

TINA NEW has been featured in movies, appeared in a Barbi Benton pay-per-view cable show and will soon adorn *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. It must be the gloves.



© WERNER H. PÖLLNER

NEXT MONTH



DADDY'S GIRL



DATING HOOPS



LEGGY LABELS



TRACK SHOCKER

A DAY AT THE RACES—A SON TAKES HIS CRANKY DAD TO THE TRACK AND SUFFERS HIS NAZI OUTCRIES WHILE CROWDS STARE. IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE, COULD IT?—FICTION BY **ASA BABER**

MICHAEL MORIARTY QUIT TV'S *LAW AND ORDER* OVER CENSORSHIP THREATS BY THE NETWORK AND JANET RENO. NOW HE'S TAKING HIS BEEF ON THE ROAD. **WARREN KALBACKER** GETS AN EARFUL IN A MEMORABLE 20 QUESTIONS

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DATING WOMEN—THE ROAD TO ROMANCE IS FRAUGHT WITH SINKHOLES. A PRIMER FROM THE WOMEN WHO MAKE THE RULES (THEN CHANGE THEM AS SOON AS YOU CATCH ON)—BY **TRACEY PEPPER**

SIEGE AT THE CLINIC—ARE ANTI-ABORTION ACTIVISTS WHIPPING THEIR TROOPS INTO A HOMICIDAL FRENZY? THE TRIAL THAT CONVICTED THE KILLER OF DR. DAVID GUNN SHEDS DISTURBING LIGHT ON THE TACTICS THAT COST A MAN HIS LIFE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

IMPROVING YOURSELF THE INFOMERCIAL WAY—THE SECRET TO BEING RICH, THIN AND HAPPILY MARRIED IS

ONLY AN 800 NUMBER AWAY. **JOE QUEENAN** WALKS US DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH OF THE TV PITCH

BILL GATES—THE BILLIONAIRE GENIUS BEHIND MICROSOFT IS BUSY MAPPING OUR ELECTRONIC FUTURE. **DAVID RENSIN** FINDS OUT WHAT GATES HAS IN STORE, PLUS HOW HE HANDLES WEALTH, FAME AND HIS ENEMIES IN A RARE INTERVIEW

CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL—IN HER BEST-SELLING BOOK, *WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES*, AUTHOR **CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS** TOLD WOMEN WHAT THEY REALLY WANT. NOW SHE'S READY TO TELL MEN—AN EXCLUSIVE FROM **GENE STONE**

PRUDENCE IN HOLLYWOOD—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FIND DOUBLE DUTCH TREATS IN THE ARMS OF A BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD? A TANTALIZING PIECE OF EROTIC FICTION BY **RAY CISSNE**

PLUS: CIGAR BOX LABELS TO LEAVE YOU SMOKING; COLUMNIST **JON KRAKAUER** ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE PROSTATE; U.S. SOCCER STARS IN THE LATEST ATHLETIC WEAR; FANTASTIC SUMMER DRINKS; AND A BIG SURPRISE IN OUR SPECIAL FATHER'S DAY PICTORIAL. ONE HINT: DAD WILL BE SHOCKED